

her most faithful members. She leaves a husband, mother, two brothers and three sisters to mourn her departure. Having lived in the city of Canton, her funeral services were conducted in the Baptist church of that city, by the writer, assisted by Rev. Roper, the Baptist minister. May God bless the bereaved husband and friends.

J. L. KIMMEL.

CHAPMAN.—The infant child of brother and sister Fred J. and Mosella E. Chapman, died August 30, 1897, aged 11 months and 22 days. Little Roy was a darling little baby and leaves a little brother and father and mother to mourn his loss. Funeral services by the writer.

"I take the tender lambs, said he,
And lay them in my breast,
Protection they shall find in me,
In me forever blest."

JOHN A. MYERS.

Millersburg, Iowa.

Matrimonial.

GLESSNER—BROWN.—At the Enon parsonage, Mr. Curtis Glessner and Miss Maggie Brown were joined in marriage Sunday morning, Sept. 12, 1897, by the writer. Our best wishes follow them.

J. L. GILLIN.

SMITH—GARST.—At the residence of bride's mother in Mt. Vernon, Ind., Mr. W. A. Smith and sister Ceora Garst were united in marriage Sept. 5, 1897.

WM. W. SUMMERS.

North Manchester, Ind.

"DON'T LIKE A WOMAN PREACHER."

It was soon after I came to the city of Chicago, and while I was engaged in the Lord's work, making calls from house to house, distributing our little silent preachers, (tracts) talking Jesus and inviting people to attend our mission, I came in contact with a woman, who I should judge was about 35 years of age. She met me at the door of her home in response to my pressing the electric bell button. She seemed to have a half smile on her face. I handed her one of our "Arched Gates," and after she had gazed in the tract a moment or two, I asked her if she was a Christian. Her reply was, I am not a Christian, but I think I am about as good as some people who profess to be Christians and are nothing but hypocrites, who use the church for a cloak to cover up their meanness. I tried to make her understand that she was judging or comparing herself by someone who was not a Christian, even tho he or she had his or her name on the church record and was enjoying the church privileges, that was

no reason why she should not be a Christian, but she could not see it that way. After we had indulged in quite a conversation, she finally asked me who our pastor was, and if he was a good talker, for, said she, if there was anything she disliked it was a preacher who was a poor talker. Why, said she, I would not go across the street to hear a preacher if I knew that he was a poor talker. When I got a chance to put in a word, for, by the way, she was a good or rather fast talker herself, and I do believe she would make a good preacher, I told her that Brother McFaden was our pastor and that he was a good talker—as she called it—but that he was absent for the time being, but that he would be with us again in the course of a short time. Yet Sister Gibbons, the assistant pastor of the mission, was filling the pastor's place in his absence. When she heard me mention Sister Gibbons' name, she centered her eyes upon me, and said, What! did you say a woman for a preacher!!! Excuse me!! I would not go to hear a woman preach if I knew she could save my soul! Why, I just could not think of going. Why, if I should come to your mission and see a woman in the pulpit, were she ever so good a talker, why, I should get right up and leave. Why, said she, a woman for a preacher! No, sir, I don't want any woman to preach to me, and I believe she meant what she said, for if there was any preaching going on she would want to do it.

I tried to make her understand that it was no worse for a woman to fill the pulpit, than it was for a woman to work in a barber shop. She was so much worked up over the matter, that my talking to her did not have any effect, so I concluded it would be best to leave her for the time being. So after again inviting her to come out to our mission, I departed. I had not quite reached the sidewalk, until she called after me, and said: I want you to inform me when your pastor returns. I promised her I would do so. Some ten days after I had had this conversation with her, I again called on her. She met me at the door with a smile on her face. I asked her if she knew who I was. Yes, said she, you are the missionary who was here a few days ago. I said I was. Well, she said, I didn't expect you would come back. I told her I had come to inform her that our pastor had returned, and would preach at the mission the following Sunday, and that we would be pleased to have her attend. She promised she would come, but so far she has failed to do so. In conclusion I want to say, it is good to be a missionary, and the house to house canvass is a most excellent plan, for it

gives us a chance to talk face to face with the non-church goers. Many are the experiences—and some of them very amusing—that we meet with in our canvass. I do believe if more of our churches would adopt the house to house canvass plan, a great good could be accomplished in many of our country towns. If only eight or ten fully consecrated Christians would band together and make the canvass of the town, they could accomplish more good in one week, than the best evangelist in the land could do by two months' preaching. Friends, is there not some soul in your town who knows not the Lord Jesus? If there is, why do you not go and make Jesus known to him or her? He will do the saving.

HOT FREE LUNCH.

Sometime ago one bright afternoon as I was walking down on one of our prominent thoroughfares in the city of Chicago—I say prominent thoroughfare. What made it prominent, more so than anything else, was that a sign over so many doors could be seen which read like this: "A hot free lunch all day." Open all night. I noticed a little girl about ten or eleven years of age, skipping along on the sidewalk on the opposite side of the street. She seemed to be very happy, so much so that she was skipping along. She was singing a song, the tune of which was such as most of our city boys and girls are so familiar with, I noticed that she was dressed very poorly, yet it was not her dress that attracted my attention so much, as was what she was carrying in her hand. Had it not been for what she was carrying, I no doubt would not have noticed her so much. She was carrying two half gallon tin pails in each hand, and hence it was that I came to a standstill to see where she was going. I did not have to wait long until I saw her enter a door—and the front door at that—over which hung one of these signs which made the street so prominent and which read "Hot free soup all day." It was not long until she reappeared at the door, where she had entered a few moments before, with her pails filled to the brim with beer, the foam dripping from their sides. As she was retracing her steps, I watched her until she finally entered a gate and disappeared out of my sight. I resumed my walk and as I did so the question came to my mind, is it any wonder that so much wickedness is committed in this land of ours, as long as parents are so unconcerned and encourage it so much? I copied the following from one of our daily papers:

"BOY HAS DELIRIUM TREMENS."

William Harris, fifteen years of age, and living at 937 LeMoyné street, was taken